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For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

GEORGE WYTHE, ESQUIRE.

[With a correct likeness.]

The fame of the disturbers and destroyers of mankind is generally sounded very loudly by poets and historians, while the names of the peaceful benefactors of their species, of those who were noted only for virtue and wisdom, are often suffered silently to sink into oblivion. But to this observation, which, unfortunately for the honor of human nature is too true, there have been some exceptions. The glory of Socrates although not preserved by any writings of his own, has been as lasting as that of Cæsar or Alexander; and may we not hope that the modest but truly rare and extraordinary merit of GEORGE WYTHE, the *Virginian Socrates*, may obtain for *him* a niche in the temple of immortality? At any rate it is the duty of the American biographer, who reveres republican virtue, to endeavor to commemorate it as a useful example for the imitation of his countrymen. It is his duty to give the small tribute of his applause to a perfect model of integrity, and republican purity, to the man, who dedicated almost fifty years of his life, with indefatigable diligence to the service of his country.

GEORGE WYTHE, the subject of these memoirs was born in the county of Elizabeth City in the year 1726. His father was a respectable farmer in middling circumstances, and not remarkable for the extent of his abilities or information; but his mother was a woman of uncommon knowledge and strength of mind. She was intimately acquainted with the Latin language, which she spoke fluently, and taught her son. His education in other respects was very much neglected: for he has often informed the author of these memoirs, that he was taught at school nothing more than reading and writing English, and the five first rules of Arithmetic. Such were the only instructions *he* received, who, nevertheless, by the dint of his own unwearied application, became afterwards one of the most learned men in America! His first appearance on the stage of life, however, promised a character by no means similar to that which he afterwards exhibited. His parents having died before he attained the age of twenty one years, he launched, on commencing the world, as unthinking youths are apt to do, into a career of dissipation and intemperance, from which he did not disengage himself until he attained his thirtieth year. I have often heard him pathetically lament the loss of those nine years of his life, and of the knowledge which might have been acquired by employing them, as well as those which succeeded them in stu-

dy. But never did any man more effectually redeem his time, from the moment when he resolved on reformation. His life was devoted to the most intense application; and, without the assistance of any instructor, he taught himself Greek of which he acquired a most accurate knowledge; and read all the best authors in that as well as in the Latin language: He made himself also a profound lawyer, perfectly versed in the civil and common law, and in the statutes of Great Britain and Virginia; a skilful mathematician, and well acquainted with moral and natural philosophy. A most remarkable example of the effect of patient industry and attention, and of a complete contrast in the character of the same individual at different periods of his life! The wild and thoughtless youth was now converted into a sedate and prudent man, delighting entirely in literary pursuits, and walking only in the paths of wisdom. At this period he acquired that attachment to the Christian religion and reverence for its truths, which, although his faith was afterwards shaken by the difficulties suggested by sceptical writers, never altogether forsook him, and towards the close of his life was renovated and firmly established. For many years he constantly attended church, and the bible was his favourite book, as he has often informed the author. But he never connected himself with any sect of Christians, being of opinion that every sect had more or less corrupted the purity of the system of religion taught in the scriptures, and being an utter enemy to all intolerance and pretences to exclusive holiness. He thought that all good men would be entitled to a seat in the kingdom of Heaven, and endeavoured by his own upright and benevolent conduct to deserve one himself. Having obtained a licence to practice law, he took his station at the bar of the old general court with many other great men, whose merit is well known to have been the boast of Virginia. Among them he was conspicuous, not for his eloquence, or ingenuity in maintaining a bad cause, but for his sound sense and learning and rigid attachment to justice. Certain it is, however, strange as it may seem to the lawyers of the present day, that he never undertook the support of a cause which he knew to be bad, and, if he discovered his client had deceived him, returned him the fee and forsook it. This happened however, very seldom, as he was extremely particular in questioning every person who applied to employ him, and would not engage in his business unless it appeared to be just and honorable. He has even been known, where he entertained doubts, to insist on his client's making an affidavit to the truth of his statement of the circumstances of his case, and, in every instance, where it was in his power, he examined the witnesses, as to the facts intended to be proved, before he brought the suit, or agreed to defend it. If the gentlemen of the bar would always follow this rule, how much injustice and oppression would be prevented, how much troublesome and useless litigation would be avoided!

His strict obedience to the laws of his country, and his disinterested contempt of money were no less remarkable than his sacred regard to equity. On all occasions he refused to receive more than his legal fee, even where he had gained

a cause, and his client made him a voluntary offer of an extraordinary but well merited compensation.—When offers of this kind were made him, he would say that the labourer was indeed worthy of his hire, but the lawful fee was all he had a right to *demand*, and, *as to presents*, he did not *want* and would not accept *them* from *any man*.

This true grandeur of mind, so closely resembling that of the ancient Fabricius, Curius, and Cincinnatus, he uniformly preserved to the end of his life. His manner of living was plain and abstemious; for he found the means of becoming superior to the love of wealth by limiting the number of his wants. An ardent desire to promote the happiness of his fellow-men, by supporting the cause of justice, and maintaining and establishing their rights, appears to have been his only ruling passion. How unfortunate is it for the human race that this angelic disposition is so uncommon among men, that the multitude are bent on nothing but projects of obtaining riches or honors, without any regard to the common good! How particularly deplorable, that in the United States of America, (now the last hope of republicanism) a grovelling spirit of avarice, or, at least, too great a fondness for lucre, appears generally to prevail, instead of that disinterested love of country, which warmed the bosoms of the sages and heroes of Greece and Rome, and existed in none of *them* with more energy than in the venerable Wythe!—The prevalence of that spirit among us, it is to be feared, is ominous of the downfall of our republican institutions, and, unless it be repressed by some change in the public mind, that cannot now be foreseen, will sooner or later have that effect;—the best method of preventing which must be the establishment of a wise and general system of education.

With respect to the practice of receiving more than the legal fees, which now prevails among the lawyers in Virginia, it may indeed be said that the change in the value of money has made those fees totally inadequate to their *support*: but it ought to be observed that the noble profession of dealing out law and justice to the people should not be followed for the sake of *gain*. The fees ought *now* to be increased, so as to furnish a moderate and reasonable compensation for the necessary services of men of talents; but every gentleman of the bar should also be a farmer or planter, or should have some other resource, from which, and, not from those unfortunately involved in debts and disputes, a part of his support should be derived; to enable him to accomplish which, he should in his youth, be instructed in agriculture as well as law; should be taught to devote a portion of his time to literary pursuits; should attend a very small number of courts as an attorney; and, above all, should, like the frugal and noble-minded Wythe, be content with a little.

To be Continued.

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

WHEN we meditate on the remarkable changes which a few centuries produce in the fate not only of states and empires, but even of continents, and in the condition of millions of human beings, our senses are absorbed in wonder inexpressible. It was only 200 years

since, that the present populous and wealthy states of America, were one entire wilderness, thinly inhabited by savages almost incapable of civilization ; men of rude minds and violent passions, restrained by no principle of humanity or reason ; possessing indeed some rare virtues almost obscured by the innumerable vices, from which a state of ignorance is seldom exempt. Unacquainted with commerce, and having a very limited knowledge of agriculture, their whole attention was bent on procuring present subsistance ;— when this was obtained, their wants were completely satisfied, and they were happy : craving no luxuries, as they knew of none.

Such were the Aborigines of America : Such were the men who formerly occupied the soil, on which we now reside. From whence came they ? To what family or nation of antiquity do they owe their origin ? To these questions no satisfactory answers can be given ; and the numerous conjectures, as an eminent writer has observed, serve only to shew the futility of all. Some believe the antiquity of the American Indians to be coeval with the first inhabitants of our planet : But this opinion, which otherwise would seem most rational, is contrary to scripture evidence ; on this subject, our doubts, most probably, never will be satisfactorily solved. But where now are those red inhabitants of the forest, scarcely less ferocious than their own wild beasts ? Where shall we look for those dauntless sons of liberty, who unable to resist the prowess of fire-arms, scorned to be slaves, preferring death in defence of their country, to an existence of ignominy ? Alas ! with us, scarcely a vestige of them remains ; and if the fact of their former occupancy here, were not so recent, we might view the whole as a fabulous tale, invented like the stories of Genii and Fairies, merely to amuse the imagination. How different are the present inhabitants from the Aborigines in complexion, manners and pursuits ; more different indeed, than the appearance of the country, which has been entirely metamorphosed. Where once was situated a miserable Indian village, composed of a few wretched wigwams or cabins, now stands the City of Richmond, encreasing fast in size and opulence. The extensive forests on the banks of James river, where the tawny Indian roamed in search of the bear and the deer, his ordinary food, have long since fell beneath the planter's axe ; and the soil which was then overrun with brambles, ameliorated by cultivation, now rewards the labors of the planter with luxuriant crops. The very few descendants of the original Indians among us, are scarcely known as the offspring of that hardy people ; they are a degenerate, motley race, intermixed with the blood of the whites and mulattoes, and are remarkable for nothing but their indolence ; none of the inconquerable courage of their ancestors ; none of that *amor patriæ*, that ardent love of country and thirst after glory, which were characteristic traits in the character of the North-American Indian ; none of these noble qualities animate the breast of the civilized Indians.

But what can be more surprising than the entire change in our political institutions within the last half century ! Contrast the feeble Colonies of British America, in 1757, with the United States of America in 1807. When the spi-

rit of liberty was nearly extinct in the east, a glorious republic was formed in the New World: a government unparalleled in the annals of man—as far preferable to the Aristocracies of Rome and Venice as to the anarchy of the short-lived French Republic. The natural partiality of an American would induce him to draw the character of his country in glowing language; but a respectable modern historian, who could be influenced by no such prepossession, has done ample justice to the subject. In *Stevens's* "Wars of the French Revolution," the author, in sketching a new political chart of Europe, after the treaty of Amiens in 1801, notices the "United States," in the following words:

"Nor must mention be wholly omitted of another quarter of the world. The new continent although exposed by turns to the spoliations of the principal maritime powers, has found means to preserve a prudent if not a dignified neutrality, amid the convulsions of the ancient world. Unmoved by the shock of nations, the adopted land of Penn, and the native soil of Franklin and Washington, calmly pursues its silent but successful career, and beholds its population nearly doubled at the end of every second lustre. The fates are preparing an exalted destiny for this nation, or rather this congeries of rising empires, which even in its cradle contended with the serpents that assailed its infancy, and now invigorated almost into manhood, is ready if prompted by necessity, to oppose the many-headed hydra at the sight of which Europe turns pale. The arts and sciences ever following in the train of freedom, will soon ennoble those immense forests which have hitherto only resounded with the barbarous shouts of war and the chace; and when the sun of liberty sets to Europe, that luminary may perhaps still cheer with his departing beams, a land washed on one side by the waves of the subject Atlantic, and enriched on another by the Mississippi, then become a tributary stream."

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

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ON FASHIONABLE MANNERS.

No. I.

"Did you observe that uncouth ill-looking man, who just passed us?" asked my friend Eugenius, as we sauntered out one evening to enjoy the pleasures of a twilight walk; "I did," replied I; "what of him?" "He has little the appearance of a fashionable man," resumed my companion: "Not the least; he is a mere *Sansculotte*;"—"But I can remember," said Eugenius, "though I am scarcely a middle-aged man, when this same miserable old fellow was the Chesterfield of his age in this part of the country—a complete man of the world—few men have ruined more women or defrauded more creditors than he has." I was astonished; it appeared highly improbable that this slovenly wretched being had been the associate of the fashionable and wealthy! He was so unlike them in his dress, gate, and every movement! I expressed a desire to be informed of the disastrous events which had produced so gloomy a change. "The change is great indeed," observed Eugenius; "but not to be wondered at; for every man who pursues his ruinous course, may expect such a

transition as a *natural* consequence, but few of them live to be so old ; most of our libertines are hurried from the busy theatre of life at an early age ; none but the very soundest constitutions can bear for many years, the combined effects of disease, intoxication, and sleepless nights. The great majority are soon carried off by extravagant excesses : and a few, satiated before their short career is finished, make their "own quietus by the sword or pistol." "*Make their own quietus*," I repeated, with astonishment ; "surely sir, you jest ; can a man who commits suicide be said to make his quietus? I should think the reverse ; as my education and religious opinions have impressed on me the belief, that he who destroys his existence, acts like a traitor to society, and commits an unpardonable sin against Heaven." "I spoke the language of the world and not my own opinion, (answered Eugenius :) the votaries of Fashion are so much in the habit of sining, that from continual practice their consciences become callous ; and they seem finally to forget from whom their existence is derived, and to whom they are accountable for their crimes. *Sining*, in every branch, is quite fashionable ; but *blasphemy* is the *ton* ; it is an essential ingredient in the character of a modern fashionable man. The person who just now excited your attention is Col. L——: when I was a boy, I knew his family well ; at that time they were opulent and respectable ; indeed, their's was one of the principal families in the colony of Virginia, while under the British government : from their extravagant folly, however, in the short space of thirty years, they are dwindled into entire insignificance.

"Col. L.. (continued my companion) had several brothers ; men of good capacity and scientific education ; but all of them fell into the same fatal track : and these men, who, by their intelligence and family advantages, *might* have been legislators for their countrymen and an honor to the state,—devoting themselves to sensuality, and its concomitant vices, became the pest of society, and were as generally execrated as they would have been respected and beloved, had their conduct been tolerably virtuous..... They were all *Fashionable Men*,—*Men of Spirit*,—and *Men* of the *World*. They drank free, gambled, and blasphemed ; some had signalized themselves in duels ; if not as principals, at least, as seconds ; and every one had seduced and disgraced some unfortunate girl. Consequently, they were all *Gentlemen ;* complete men of the *Ton* ; none dared dispute their right to the title ; they had given excellent specimens of the requisite accomplishments ; they had performed such feats as would "*make Angels weep.*" If there were any doubt as to the legality of their pretensions, this removed it." "Surely you have drawn a caricature, instead of a true picture," quoth I ; "you forget that you are yourself in habits of intimacy with this class of society, whom you describe rather as fell spirits of the Infernal Regions than fellow-beings, endowed with reason and humanity." "Humanity ! Do you think a man of this description has a particle of humanity ? Would *his* heart be a fit receptacle for that inestimable virtue? Do you suppose him governed by reason ; exercising those maxims of self-government which distinguish man from other animals, and con-

duce so much to his quietude and prosperity? No sir; attend to his character and you will perceive your mistake. You suppose a man to have a good heart, "who rarely manifested through the whole of his life, any other symptoms than those which indicate a bad one. His mouth was full of cursing and bitterness? his humor was choleric and revengeful: his feet moved quick to shed blood; there was no conscience in his bosom; and no fear of God before his eyes. The wretch has distressed his family by his prodigality, and corrupted thousands by his example." This is *reason* and *humanity* with a vengeance. My intimacy with these people does not proceed from choice; the more I see of their follies and vices, the more heartily I detest them: but I have relations and near connections you know among this class—'twould appear singular if I should shun them: my professional business too, calls me almost daily into their company. You expressed a wish to know the history of Col. L——; 'tis now too late to recite it, as I am engaged to attend the widow Wealthy's card-party precisely at eight, and I have only time to dress for it. Tomorrow evening you shall be gratified; if the relation of diabolical intrigues and depravity almost unexampled, can be a gratification to you. But you have come to town as your father's letter informs me, "to get polished:" beware, my young friend, that you do not substitute a varnish of town vices for your honest country rust; in receiving the fashionable polish, as a freind of mine used to say, the genuine metal is too often cankered."

HONESTUS.

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

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"LETTERS to a young Lady on a course of English Poetry, by J. AIKIN."

Extracts from this interesting new work will, it is presumed, be highly acceptable to the American reader. Nothing sooner attracts the attention of *literary* travellers who visit our country, than the very limited number of American Poets; I shall never forget an observation of a celebrated Scotch author, when conversing on this subject. "There is something in your climate or soil (said he, with his natural abruptness,) unfavorable to Poetry; and your country has not produced one poet worth naming:" it is unnecessary to prove the injustice of this illiberal remark. The mocking-bird, one of the sweetest songsters of the "feathered tribe," is a *native* of Virginia; naturalists would conceive this to be an incontestible proof, that the fault is not in our climate; but in the want of application.

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LETTER I....INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR MARY,

When I congratulated you on the elegant present you had received of a set of the English Poets, I did not foresee that I was laying myself open to a request on your part of no trifling extent. You desire that "I would instruct you in the most profitable use of a treasure which I have represented as so valuable." I cannot affirm either that the wish itself is unreasonable, or that your claim upon me to gratify it, as far as I am able, is in any re-

spect defective. The tie of affection and kindred is strong enough to bear the injunction of a task much less agreeable to my taste than this will be ; though the time it will occupy is a consideration of some moment. For, in a cursory way, to give you my opinion on the merits of our principal poets, would be very imperfectly fulfilling the purpose of your request; which comprehends, as I understand it, such directions for a course of poetical reading, as may best conduce to the forming of your taste and cultivating your understanding.

These are the objects which I shall attempt to attain ; and as this cannot be effected in the compass of two or three sheets, you must patiently prepare yourself for the perusal of a *series of letters* which may amount altogether to a moderate sized volume : so, you see that the task you have imposed upon me recoils with no small weight upon yourself. I shall not, however, increase the burthen by any grave lectures upon the moral use of poetry. I take it for granted that you are already well grounded in the principles of morality, and therefore may be trusted to extract what is most valuable from a set of authors who, in general, are friends to virtue and decorum, while you pass lightly and unhurt over the dubious matter which may be mingled with the rest. Yet I shall not neglect to point out to you, as we pass, such works and passages as you may dwell upon with most advantage to your moral as well as to your literary taste ; and, on the other hand, shall suppress in merited oblivion all such pieces as appear entirely unfit for your perusal.

There is one particular topic, however, concerning which, I feel a degree of hesitation. Poetry has in all ages and countries been the servant and interpreter of *love :* from that passion it has received some of its most rapturous inspiration, and to its interests has devoted its choicest powers. The strains of love are not only occasionally met with in the works of the poets : they are the animating soul of many, and are intimately blended with almost all. Is there not danger then, in lending to an affection already, perhaps, too seductive to a young and susceptible mind, the auxiliary allurements of eloquence and harmony ? I will not affirm that such danger is altogether imaginary ; but in my opinion, love in poetry is a more harmless thing than love in prose. The more of fancy is mixed with it—the more it is removed from common life—the less is its influence over the heart and conduct ; and it is probable that the refinement and elevation of sentiment fostered by a taste for poetry, may prove a protection from that light and vulgar passion which enters merely at the eyes, and is too sensual to be disgusted with coarseness and stupidity. Since, then, it is impossible to separate love from poetry, I shall not fear to recommend it to your notice in its purest, most tender and fanciful form. Poets themselves, who have written upon it all their lives, have very soberly felt its influence.

As it will be my plan to aim at forming your taste by practice only, that is, by familiarising you with the perusal of the best models, I shall also spare you the tediousness of any preliminary discussions of the theoretical kind concerning the abstract nature of poetry in ge-

neral, and its several species. Opportunities will be offered, as we proceed, of making some remarks on these points, with the advantage of immediate illustration by examples; the sole mode in which they can be rendered interesting. It is enough if you set out with the persuasion, that there is something in the measured succession of sounds called *verse*, which has in all nations and languages been found agreeable to the ear, and a means of impressing the sense of words upon the mind with peculiar force and sweetness. To assist you in acquiring an ear for the melody of verse, will therefore be the first object of my directions: but I reserve my practical commencement for a second letter; and in the mean time remain,

Yours very affectionately,

J. A.

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LETTER II.

MY DEAR PUPIL,

As it is my wish as soon as possible to habituate your ear to the melody of versification, I shall totally disregard the chronological order in which the productions of English Poetry have made their appearance, and at once introduce you to those perfect examples of the art, which necessarily imply many previous attempts. The poet, therefore, whom I shall first recommend to your notice is the correct and harmonious POPE, the master of the modern school of English versifiers; and I shall initiate you by the perusal of those of his works which will least occupy your attention on any other account than the music of their strains.

His "Pastorals" were a production of his early youth, formed upon models left us by the ancients, and aspiring to little more than the praise of elegant imitation. In many respects they shew the immature age of the writer, but not in their versification, which possesses a degree of excellence scarcely surpassed by himself in his mature performances. The measure is of the kind termed heroic, as being principally employed upon grave and elevated topics. In its most regular form, it consists of ten syllables, alternately short and long, constituting what in Greek and Latin poetry are called Iambic feet. You will perceive that the voice in general lays a light stress upon every other syllable, which produces a sort of undulating motion in the whole, resembling the flow of waves. This is a very simple melody, yet, when well managed, is sufficiently agreeable. I question not that you will immediately *feel* the sweetness of verses like these:

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

These Pastorals contain a great many *pretty* lines, a general elegance and splendor of diction, but very little original imagery. It is remarkable that a young poet, bro't up in a rural retreat, should have viewed nature so little with his own eyes. But he was a very early student of poetry, and imitation took place in him of observation. He had, however, the good taste to make a selection of the most pleasing images; and the objects he paints, though common, are repre-

sented with truth and beauty. The bright touches of a poetical pencil are conspicuous in the following lines :

Where *dancing sun-beams* on the
waters play'd,
And verdant alders formed a
quiv'ring shade.

Here, you see, superadded to the melody of numbers, that choice of appropriate circumstances which gives life and animation to description, and which is one of the essential qualities of poetry, though it also belongs to good writing in general.

The last of these pieces, the sacred eclogue of " Messiah," will doubtless strike you as written in a more lofty strain than the rest. In fact, it deserts the scenery and sentiment proper to pastoral, and borrows its imagery and language from the sublime conceptions of the Hebrew bards. It was, indeed, a noble foretaste of what the young poet was destined to be, and shewed that grandeur was not less his characteristic than elegance. It has been objected to Pope's versification, that he too uniformly concludes a sentence, or at least a clause, within the limits of a couplet, so that the stop regularly falls upon the second rhyming word. It is perhaps right that this should be the common structure of rhymed heroics, since it gives the clearest perception of the measure ; yet to break it occasionally and with judgment, relieves the ear from a tiresome monotony. Of this a happy example is afforded in the following passage of the Messiah :

But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts.

This *overflow* of the measure is not only agreeable to the ear, but has a sort of correspondence with the sense.

I do not mean to lead you without intermission thro' the works of this charming author ; but in order to render your ear perfectly familiar with the *tune*, as it may be called, if his versification, I shall desire you not to lay him down till you have perused two or three more of his pieces in that measure of which he was the greatest master, the heroic.

His " Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate Lady" is a very finished composition, and has perhaps more of the pathetic than any thing he has written besides ; for in that quality he does not abound. You will perceive a fine effect from that artifice of writing, the *repetition* of words particularly energetic, in the following lines :

By *foreign hands* thy dying eyes
were clos'd,
By *foreign hands* thy decent
limbs compos'd,
By *foreign hands* thy humble
grave adorn'd,
By *strangers* honored, and by
strangers mourn'd.

Examples of that sententious brevity which peculiarly distinguished our poet, are found in this piece, which does not in the least partake of the character of feebleness usually imputed to elegy. No writer has made such advantage of the obligation imposed by rhyme-couplets of comprising a sense within the limits of one or two verses ; he has derived from it a nervous conciseness beyond the powers of prose or blank verse. What can surpass the fullness and energy of meaning in such lines as these ?

And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.—
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year.—
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.—

It is manifest that this kind of excellence cannot be retained without unremiting care and diligence; and no man ever bestowed more of these upon his productions than Pope.

If, in addition to the works above pointed out, you will read the two beautiful translations from Ovid, "the Fable of Dryope," and Vertumnus and Pomona," you will have acquired a full perception of the melody of versification, and the clearness and splendour of diction, which are some of the most essential qualities of fine poetry. And having gained this point, I think it advisable no longer to confine you to this one writer, lest fascinated by his beauties, you fix your taste so exclusively upon him, as to regard every deviation from his manner as a defect. You will therefore lay him down for the present, and in my next letter I will introduce you to one of his competitors in poetic fame. Farewell, &c.

From Stevens's History of the Revolutionary Wars of France, we have extracted the following account of the Marquis de La Fayette's *imprisonment in the castle of Magdebourg. The disinterested zeal which he so strongly manifested in favor of* our *Revolution, and his important services towards effecting it, will cause every* true *American to sympathise in the subsequent misfortunes of this great man.*

M. P. J. R. Y. G. Motier, marquis de la Fayette, was born in Auvergne, and is descended from an ancient family. He was educated in the college of Louis le Grand at Paris, and received a commission in the Mousquetaires; soon after which he married a lady of the family of Noailles. When only nineteen years of age, this nobleman repaired to America, where he acquired considerable reputation by his military achievments, and rendered himself still more celebrated by his disinterestedness, he having refused during the winter of 1777, to accept of the command of the American army, in prejudice to his friend general Washington, whose talents and virtues had not at that period been sufficiently appreciated.*

When the French revolution occurred, la Fayette prepared to act a distinguished part. In 1789 he became a member of the states-general, as a deputy from the nobility of Riom, in Avergne; he had already been a member of the *Notables*, in 1789, and his attack on the administration of Calonne is said to have contributed to the downfall of that minister. He was the first to propose to the national assembly a plan, for "a declaration of rights," and after the recal of

* *This assertion is notoriously without foundation. There never existed at any period of the American war, an idea of transferring the command of the army from Washington to Fayette. The remark is not, however, made to derogate from the merits of the marquis; who certainly rendered very important services to the American cause, as well with his fortune as his person.*

Am. Edit.

Necker was unanimously elected commander in chief of the national guards. In this capacity he presided at the grand confederation on the 14th of July, as the *generalissimo* of a greater body of troops, perhaps than has ever been commanded by any other man since the days of Xerxes. No sooner was the constitution organized than he resigned his power and retired to one of his family estates, whence he did not return till a war against Austria had been resolved upon. He was at that period a major-general, but soon obtained the rank of lieutenant-general, and finally that of marshal of France, with a red-ribband. Having been invested with the command of the armies of the Meuse and the Moselle, he left his head-quarters soon after the 20th of June, 1792, on purpose to complain of the indignities to which the king had been exposed in the course of that day; but a decree of accusation was at length voted against him, he was forsaken by his troops, and deemed it prudent to fly along with a few of his friends. Being seized on neutral ground, in contravention of the laws of nations, they were considered as will be seen hereafter, in the light of prisoners of war after they had ceased to be soldiers, and experienced a degree of severity, in respect to their treatment, reserved in general for malefactors alone. Three officers accompanied La Fayette: *Latour-Maubourg*, who had been Colonel of a Regiment and deputy to the States-General. *Bureau de Puxy*... originally an officer of engineers, and deputy to the S. Gen'l. ....*Alexander Lameth*—The family of Lameth received a distinguished protection at court, anterior to the revolution; and Alexander at an early period of his life attained the rank of Colonel *en second*, and became a knight of Malta. After serving for some time in America, as aid-de-camp to M. de Rochambeau, he returned home, and in 1798 was elected a deputy by the nobles of Peronne to the states-general.

La Fayette perceiving himself abandoned by his army, and proscribed by the national assembly, as has been already mentioned, determined on flight. It was the intention of the general and his companions to repair to Holland, as that was a neutral country, and in the neighborhood of their own. They accordingly set out on horseback dressed in their regimentals, and freely declared to all they met that they had quitted the French army, and were retiring to a place of refuge. They had not however travelled more than a few leagues beyond the frontiers, when they happened to be arrested by an Austrian patrole, and conducted to Luxemburg. Being at length permitted to address a letter to the duke of Saxe-Teschen, governor-general of the Low-Countries, that prince not only signified his refusal in the most peremptory manner, but added, with a degree of bitterness wholly unsuitable to the occasion, "that they should be reserved for the scaffold."

Immediately after this, a correspondence took place between the courts of Vienna and Berlin, relative to these prisoners; and as it was at length determined that the monarch who commanded the combined army should be entrusted with the custody of la Fayette and his companions, they were immediately conducted under an escort, and imprisoned at Wesel, where

they were confined, and constantly superintended by non-commissioned officers, who received strict orders never to permit them to remain for a single moment out of sight, or to answer any questions that were put by them.

La Fayette overwhelmed with chagrin and mortification, fell sick, and became so dangerously ill, that his life was despaired of: while in this condition, Maubourg was refused permission to visit his friend, now supposed to be on his deathbed. But a salutary crisis having occurred, and the king of Prussia thinking he might be able to profit by it, his convalescence caused it to be intimated that his situation would be meliorated, provided he would draw up plans against France; but la Fayette exhibited by means of an energetic answer his scorn of such a proposition: on this the rigors of his confinement were increased; he and his companions were soon after thrown into a waggon, and conveyed to Magdeburg, care being taken that they should learn nothing respecting their families; concerning whose fate they experienced the most lively emotions, in consequence of the proscriptions that prevailed in France.

To be Continued.

Marriage.

The law of nature having determined that marriage is a necessary institution, it follows as a reasonable consequence that it must be a happy one. The passions and the vices of individuals may pervert its original design and change this like any other blessing of Providence into a lamentable evil. But without accusing divine dispensation, we cannot censure so important a rite, and without expecting society to be better than it is, we have authority for believing that marriage will contribute to the rational happiness of mankind. But whether it be a blessing universally revered, or whether it is a charm universally irresistable, it is certainly an object of general regard, and perhaps it would be difficult to find the individual who had remained single *from an abstract preference of celibacy.*

A Fair Choice.

A gentleman one day took occasion to speak of the married state before his daughter, and observed that she who marries does well, but she who does not marry does better.—"Well then," replied the young lady, "*I will do well*, let those who choose *do better.*"

For the AMERICAN GLEANER.

ORIGINAL SONG.

WHEN sinking 'neath the western hill,
Sol seeks his Thetis in the sea,
I'll gaze upon the winding rill,
And sigh, whilst I remember THEE.

When Cynthia sheds her placid light,
And tips with silver every tree:
Tears oft will hide her from my sight,
Starting whilst I remember THEE.

The cot, the shrubs, the road which curves,
Far o'er the hill as eye can see;

Each well known object daily
serves,
To make me, remember THEE.

And were these not, yet to my
mind,
Thy worth, thy form would
present be ;
E'en whispering through the trees,
the wind,
Would bid me still remember
THEE.

But will one wandering thought of
thine
Rest in its rapid flight on me!
Nor to forgetfulness consign,
The friend who loves to think
on THEE.

Ah! sure thy fancy oft will fly,
To scenes which once were dear
to THEE ;
Yes, when those lines shall meet
thine eye,
Thou smiling may'st remember
ME.

THE ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

What sullen old mortal is that,
Who sits in his hut all alone,
Excepting his dog and his cat,
That grey with their master have
grown.

Say, would you his origin know,
And how the old creature came
here ;
Or if from above or below ?
Why, truly, I'll tell you, my
dear.

Dame NATURE, a fanciful jade,
As ancient philosophers say,
When all other creatures were
made,
Had left a small portion of clay.

The matter, indeed, was so crude,
She intended to throw it aside :
At length, in a humorsome mood,
To make something of it she
try'd.

Now all her materials fine,
And fit to make cherubs so
bright,
Were made into ladies divine,
Who rival the angels of light.

Her *goddesship* wander'd about,
And all her old vessels did
scrape,
For matter to finish the lout,
Till she made up a comical
shape.

Such heterogenious stuff
Was never in one mass com-
bin'd :
His body was quite odd enough ;
But perfect, compar'd with his
mind.

To a hard, unsusceptible heart,
A thick and impervious skull,
She added of pride such a part,
'Twas sufficient for any Mogul.

She did not implant in his breast
Those softer emotions refin'd,
Which give to our pleasures their
zest,
And soften the cares of the mind.

At length he was ushered to view,
So aukward—so formal—so
queer;
You might search the whole uni-
verse through,
And nothing more odd could
appear.

The gods, who inhabit above,
Were taking an airing that day ;
Apollo, *Minerva* and *Jove*,
With others were passing that
way :

Bright *Venus* and *Cupid* were there,
And *Momus* sarcastical sprite,
Whom credible authors declare
In raillery places delight.

Now *Bacchus* came in *apropos*,
And *Mars* was prevail'd on to call,
Determin'd to have a *high go*
At the old lady's shop, one and all.

Their gravity now laid aside,
They join'd in a Bacchinal rout:
And *Mars*, with rough *Vulcan's* sweet bride,
Felt raptures extatic no doubt.

At length, with high jolity fir'd,
Exploring the mansion around,
They saw many things, they admir'd,
Till our *Bachelor's image* was found.

Dame nature had laid him away
In a corner she thought out of sight;
And all our historians say,
That *Momus* first brought him to light.

Now *Momus*, the prince of all wags,
Did laugh the odd mortal to view:
" Ha! ha! ha! why, Madam, i'fags,
" This is pretty employment for you!

" You're a foolish old dame, are you not?
" Or why such a *thing* did you make!
" I should have preferr'd to the sot,
" A monkey, a fop, or a rake."

Minerva, that gooddess so wise,
With a sneer most significant said,
" The creature I should not despise,
" *Had you only put brains in his head.*"

Cytherea cries, in a pet,
" You mis-shapen, lubberly fright,
" I vow I shall die in a fit,
" If you do not get out of my sight."

Love's Archer, fantastical sprite,
The bully, 'tis said, of the skies,
Who deals out his arrows in spite,
His station a fair lady's eyes—

(The mischievous tormenting elf
Takes pleasure in giving us pain;
His arrows—I felt them myself,
When LAURA I saw on the plain—)

Says he, " You old put have a care;
" Stupidity—hey! do you hear,
" If ever you're seen with the fair,
" I'll maul you to death, pretty near."

Bright *Phœbus* and *Jupiter's queen*,
Beheld the disconsolate wight:
They could not conceal their chagrin,
But would send him to regions of night.

Now *Bacchus*, the god of the vine,
And always a lover of fun,
Whose face like a ruby did shine,
Came reeling to see what was done.

Full many wise speeches were made,
And many most comical jokes:
I can't repeat half that was said
Among these celestial folks.

And now they began to dispute,
And scarcely were two of a mind:
Some said 'twas a two-legged brute;
But none could agree of what kind.

Contention at length running high,
Dame Nature declar'd 'twas a man:
"With submission," quoth *Mars*,
"'tis a lie;
"And madam prove that if you can."

The *Thunderer* utter'd his voice,
And silence awaited his nod;
Erebus re-echo'd the noise—
Olympus acknowledg'd the god.

"Ye gods and ye goddesses all,
Do not about *nothing* contend:
"What need of this scandalous brawl?
"To these your disputes put an end.

"And as for this formal machine,
"This senseless sour *misanthropite*,
"A prey to vexation and spleen,
"He never shall taste of delight." [*Hive.*

ODE TO THE VIRTUES.

By P. Pindar, Esq.

Ah virtues! you are pretty looking creatures;
But then so meek and feeble in your natures;
Thou, charming chastity! *per example*,
Who guard'st the luscious lip and snowy breast,
And all that maketh wishing shepherds blest,
Forbidding thieves on sacred grounds to trample:
Appear but love, the savage! all is lost—
Faint, blushing, trembling, thou giv'st up the ghost.

Virtues! ye blunder'd on our world I fear,
Designed for some more gentle sphere;
Where the wild passions storm ye not, nor teaze ye;—
Where ev'ry animal's a mild Marchesi.
I know your parentage, and education—
Born in the skies, a lofty habitation!
But for a perfect system were intended,
Where people never needed to be mended.
How could you think the passions to withstand?
Those roaring blades so out of all command.
Whose slightest touch would pull you all to pieces,
They are Goliahs, you but little misses!
Then pray go home again, each pretty dear,
You but disgrace yourselves by coming here.

The Doatard's Want.

Geron, at fourscore, married; 'tis too late,
No: but he wants an heir to his estate.

MAXIM.

He, who possesses wealth or talents, and withholds them from his countrymen, alienates their love, & exposes himself to their obloquy.

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